

## SELECTED VERSE.

| Sweet rosen white, sweet roses red; <br> And you, my roses yellow: <br> See, pow, how much delight they give <br> To yonder litule fellow : <br> He stands outside the wicker gate, <br> His chubby hands upon it, <br> While near by stands his sister small, <br> In a little gypsy, bonnet, <br> Two rosy faces raised to mine, They quite upset me, surely :- <br> Four eyen as blue as heaven's, skies Are looking up demurely. <br> Aye, what were fowers made for, dears Especially tair roses, <br> But to be plucked by childish hands. And held to baby noses, <br> So I will give you each a flower. <br> And one for darling mother. <br> "Oh !" says the maiden, earnestly, <br> "One more for baby brother." <br> Then off they toidlle, side by side, <br> The tittle girl and fellow, <br> So pleased to have a bunch of leaves, <br> With roses red and yellow. <br> Then, if your lovely gift but brings A smile to care-worn faces- <br> If you bring joy to one sad heart. Among the crowd that paces Before my garden beds to-dayO roses, fall of beauty, <br> Your mission will be welt'fuifilied And nobly done your duty. <br> BE CON'TENT. <br> It may not be our lot to wield The sickle in the ripened tield; <br> Nor ours to hear, on summer eves, <br> The reaper's song among the sheaves. <br> "Yet where our duty's task is wrought In unison with God's great thought, In unison with God's great thought, The mear and future blend in one, And whatsoe'er is willed is done. |  |
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AFTER THE BALL.
They kat and combed their beautful hair
Their long, bright trexien one by one.
As they laughed and talked in their chamber there, After the revel was done.
Idly they talked of waltz and quadrilie;
Idty they laughed, like other girls, Idy they laughed, Itke other giris,
Who over the fre, when all is stlll, Who over the fre, when all is stlll,
Comb out their bralde and curis. Robees of matin and Bruasela lace,
Knotat of fowers, and ribbons, to Scattered about in every place.
After the revel is through. And Mand and Madige, in roben of white. The pretiues, silipperless, sit in the night,
sit and comb their beautiful hair, Those wonderfuir weaves of brown and gold,
Tilt the fine tio out in the ehamber there, And the Hitte bare feet are cold. When out of the gathering Winter chill,
All out of the bitter st. Agnea weat, All out of the bitter st, Apnee weatimer,
While the fre is out, the house to still, While the fre lis out, the hou
Mand and Madge together-
Mand and Madge, in robes of while Maud and Madge, in robes of white,
The prettiest inht-gowns under the su
Curtalined awny from the chilly night, After the revel tis done,
Float along in a splendid dream,
To a golden gittern's tukkiling tomen
 grand anioonPraeshen of Jewels and fiutter of nices.
Troplcal odors sweeter than musk Men and women with beautful facees, And eyee of beautiful dusk:
And one face shining like a stair,
one fice haunuing the dreams of One fice haunung the dreams of enech,
And one volce aweeter than others are, Aroaking in allvery speech; Telling thmogh lipe of bearded
An old, old atory o'er agaitm An down the myal-bannered ron
To and Two and two they drenmily walk,
White an unkeen splitit walks beside, And all unheurd, in lover's talk,
He elatmeth one for htr bride.
O Maud and Madge, dream on together,
With never a pang of jealous fear : With never a pang of Jealous feen
For ere the bitter At. Aknea weather
shall tion For ere the bitur another year,
Robed for the bridal and mobed for the tomb,
Braided brown halr nand golden tress, There'tl be only one of you left for the bloom Only one robe for the bridal pearis,
Only one robe for the bridal pearis,
The robe of antin and Brupets lace
Only one to tlauth throush her curise
Only one to blush through
At alght of a lover's face.
O beautiful Madge, in your bridal white
For you the revel has just begun: For yoo the revel has Just begun;
Bat for her who Aleeps in your arms to-night,
The revel of life ton The revet of lite is done.
But robed and crowned with saintly bllsex.
queen of heaven and bride of the sun, O beautifut Maud, you'll never misen -Nord Mriry.
The kissess another has won.

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[^0]:    The world is very spall-so small it Smilling said one, "that none need ever, mis
    His own; for it is sure to come, by way His own; for it is sure to come, by way
    Undreamed of, on some happy, Eolden day. The worid is very wide", another sighed;
    So measurelemen the spaces that divide, That one mays seek, andd jourrey on alone,
    From birth to death, and never tind his own The world it heautifal and bright," anid one The world ts beenutiful and bright," anid
    The red rose opens to the wooing sun: In booky depths the wild brds fil, and sing
    To coilng mate, with never-tiring wing." the The world is very sad," the other sigh
    And overfull of eraves,

